SUNSHINE FOR DULL DAYS.

NEW YORK: THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY

SISTER AND I.

SUNSHINE

FOR

DULL DAYS.

By ADDIE.

NEW YORK:

THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY,

39 and 41 CHAMBERS STREET.

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SISTER AND I.

WE lived just under the hill,
In a cottage beside the old mill,
Sister and I;
To the school-house we plodded together;
We stayed not for wind nor for weather,
Sister and I.

In summer we romped in the clover,
And went nutting when summer was over,
Sister and I;
I remember our wooden horse, Jack,
And how we both climbed on his back,
Sister and I.

We now are grown older and stronger;
We live by the hill-side no longer,
Sister and I;
But our friendship no distance can sever,
We have loved, and will love on forever,
Sister and I.

JENNY IN THE WOODS.

JENNY has been to the town to buy some things for her mother, and her way back is through the woods, the beautiful, quiet woods, where the little brook ripples over the stones and the birds chatter to each other all the day, as they jump in and out through the green leaves.

Squirrels, too, live in these woods, and, as Jenny walks along, she can hear their saucy voices and sometimes see them frisking about in the branches over her head. Here and there beautiful flowers grow, and Jenny has stopped to pick some. "Oh, what beautiful flowers," she cries, "here is a pink one and a white one and a yellow one! I will gather a great big bunch, and then I can give some to mamma, and some to poor, sick cousin Fanny."

Don't stop too long, little Jenny, or mamma may want you.

JENNY IN THE WOODS.

THE QUARRELSOME RATS.

"Oh, auntie! Look at these rats! Why, just see, they are fighting, and I do believe that one rat will get killed. What can they be quarreling about."

"I don't know, Freddy; perhaps they are quarreling about their food."

"But see, auntie! There is a whole basketful of corn. I should think that were enough for all of them. And, besides, I think there is meal in those bags. I should think they would have enough to do in looking out for the old cat without spending their time fighting."

"Yes, Freddy, and I think Tabby is just outside the barn now. If she hears the scrabbling and squealing it will be a sorry job for them. She will be sure to pounce upon them and carry off one or two of them to her kittens. When people quarrel they very often run into danger."

CHEERFUL LISETTE.

HERE comes Lisette, smiling as usual, with her basket of nice, fresh water-cresses upon her back. "Good morning, Lisette; have you had good success this morning?"

"Oh, yes, sir! See these bright coins in my hand!"

"Ah! surely; and you have a good many cresses left yet."

"Yes, sir; but I hope to sell them all before I go home."

Lisette lives with her mother near the city of Strasbourg. She helps to support the family by selling cresses, which she gathers from a stream near by. Lisette's cheerful face gains her many friends, and she nearly always goes home with an empty basket and a nice handful of money in her pocket. She seems to carry sunshine into the little cottage when she goes home.

"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine."

CHEERFUL LISETTE.

BABY AND BEPPO.

"Well, I declare!" says Beppo, "here is Baby, not content with pulling my ears, twisting my tail, and poking his fingers into my eyes, but he must get into my house, too. He has a nice bed of his own up stairs, with pretty blue curtains around it, and nice soft pillows, yet here he comes creeping into mine. How would you like me to go and lie in your pretty crib? I guess Nurse wouldn't let me stay there long."

Never mind, Beppo, Baby doesn't mean to trouble you or hurt your house. He only wants to see what kind of beds dogs have to sleep on. I don't think he will like it as well as his own little crib up stairs, though it is a very nice house, oh yes! the straw is nice and soft, and the vines make a pretty green curtain around it just as Baby has blue ones around his crib.

BABY AND BEPPO.

THE PICTURE MAN.

"O, Susy! see this picture. The cows are knocking over the umbrella, and the man has to snatch his picture away, to prevent that from being trampled on, too."

"Yes, Rob, I guess the man driving them does not see the picture man."

"When I get to be a man, Susy, I mean to paint pictures, too."

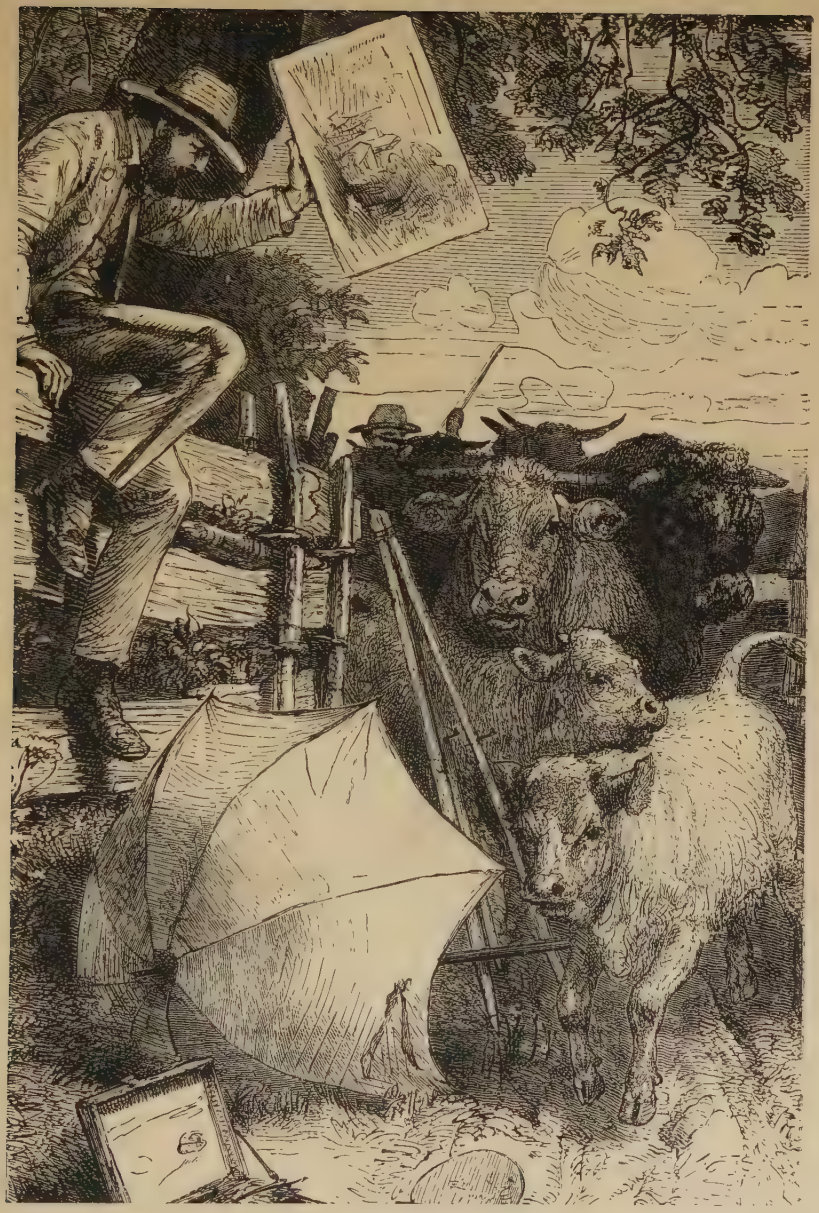
"And be knocked over by cows, brother?"

"Oh, pshaw! that was only one man. Besides, he wasn't knocked over, it was only the umbrella."

"I thought it was only girls that were afraid of cows, brother; but this man seems to be, too, for he has climbed up on the fence."

"Oh! he isn't really afraid, Susy; men never are afraid of cows, he only climbed up there to get out of their way."

"Oh! I did not notice that."



THE PICTURE MAN.

"Don't you think it would be fun, Susy, to go all around the country, wherever you like, with nothing else to do but paint pictures?"

"How would you get any thing to eat?"

"Oh! go to a farm-house and ask them to give you a drink of milk, or something of that kind."

"And to let you sleep on the hay-mow as that man did at uncle's, last summer?"

"Oh, no! that was a tramp. I wouldn't be a tramp. I would ask them to let me sleep in their house, and I would pay them for it. Tramps never have any money."

"Do tramps paint pictures, too, brother?"

"Why, no! Susy; of course not. You don't understand. Picture men are not tramps, they are men who go around the country and paint pictures of all the pretty places."

"Oh, yes! brother, I understand now, and I think it would be real nice to be a picture-man, if there weren't any cows there."

RED SNOW.

FRANK's cousin Harry had always lived in the South, and had never seen snow. While he was visiting Frank, they had a heavy snow storm.

"Isn't it beautiful?" said Harry. "It just looks like cotton falling down."

"It isn't as warm as cotton, though," answered Frank. "You had better not go out in it."

"Can't you play in it, then."

"Oh, yes. We have great fun snow-balling and making snow forts."

"Is it always white like this?"

"Yes, I guess so. I never saw it any other color. Did you, Uncle Will?

"Yes; I have seen red snow."

"Red snow! Why, where?"

"In the very cold regions far up north. The color is caused by a tiny red plant which grows on the surface."

ROVER.

Mr. Brown has a very fine dog, and his name is Rover. When Mr. Brown goes out walking or hunting, Rover always goes with him. He picks up the birds which are shot, and brings them home. He can carry baskets, too, and all kinds of bundles.

One time Mr. Brown was very sick, and so he could not go out to walk. Poor Rover waited and waited, but his master didn't come; so, at last, he set off by himself to go hunting. He was gone a long while, but by and by he came home, worn and tired, with a rabbit in his mouth. He gave it to the cook and wagged his tail, as though telling her to cook it for his master's supper. She did so, and Mr. Brown enjoyed it very much. This he did every day, until his master was well again. Shouldn't you think Mr. Brown would be very fond of that dog?

ROVER.

See how proud and happy he looks in the picture. So glad that he has got something nice for his master.

The dog is a noble animal, and is so intelligent, that he is often called the companion of man; and, indeed, he is much better company than some men I have seen.

You have probably heard of the great St. Bernard dogs, who dig travelers out of the snow.

In the high mountains called the Alps, the storms are very severe, and the kind men who live there, keep these dogs on purpose to send out in the storms in search of those who may have lost their way.

Off they start, with a blanket strapped on their back, and a little flask of brandy tied around the neck, and many a poor man lost in the storm has been found by them, and helped on to shelter and safety.

One brave dog saved so many lives, that when he died, his skin was stuffed, and sent to the Royal Museum in London.

THE RAINY DAY.

"Oh, dear, it is raining!" said little Nellie Anton, as she stood watching the drops patter against the window. "O, dear; I wanted to have some fun to-day!"

"Good morning, Nellie," says a bright little voice behind her. Nellie turns quickly. "Why, Grace, how did you get here in the wet?"

"Oh! brother Tom brought me, all wrapped up like a big bundle. See, here is my little Nancy, too, and I can stay all morning. Won't we have fun?"

"Indeed we will. Let's commence right away. You can have this corner for your house. Did you know my Seraphina had been sick?"

"No; what has been the matter?"

"Oh, she took cold and had to have her arm cut off. But now she is better, and I have sewed the arm on again."

TOM AND THE BEE.

Tom is taking his breakfast out of doors this fine morning. Along comes Mr. Bee, who says:

"Why, Tom, you are late to-day! I had my breakfast over in the clover-field, long ago, and have been hard at work ever since. Let me see what you have for breakfast. Meat, and cakes with molasses on them! That is nice, and, if you please, I will have a little, too, for I like sweet things."

"Go away! go away! you naughty bee," cries Tom. "I'm afraid you will sting me."

Tom doesn't understand what the bee says, and is afraid of him. But the bee is only talking to Tom and would not sting him, unless he should make him angry. Almost all animals have their own way of talking, if we could tell what they mean.

What a pity Tom does not understand what the bee says.

TOM AND THE BEE.

A BEAR PICTURE.

"Fritz, you are fond of hearing bear stories; come here, and I will tell you about this picture."

"Oh, yes! grandpa, please tell me."

"This bear and her two cubs were frolicking near the edge of the woods, when they heard a crackling sound as of some one walking among the dry twigs that covered the ground. The old bear caught the sound in an instant, and turning round, saw those two men stealing softly towards them with guns in their hands."

"But see! the old bear stands up on two feet, like a man."

"That is the way bears do when they are roused and ready to fight."

"Do you think the hunters will be able to kill the bear?"

"I can't tell, Fritz; they had better be careful. An old bear that has young ones

THE BEARS.

is not a pleasant creature to meet."

"If they should fire at the bear and not hit her, they would have to climb one of those trees to get out of her way, wouldn't they, grandpa?"

"Ah! but the bears can climb trees as well as the men."

"Grandpa, what makes men hunt bears if it is so dangerous?"

"Because, many men like dangerous sport better than any other. It is exciting, and besides that, bears often do much harm by carrying off sheep and other animals, and sometimes children."

"Oh, do they? Then I hope those hunters will kill these bears, don't you, grandpa?"

"Well, yes; but everybody don't think so. There is a place in Switzerland where the people think so much of bears that they have named their town after them, and quite a number of them are kept and fed at the public expense."

A CHILD'S WISH.

"Mamma, how happy I should be,
To swim below the deep, blue sea;
To see those creatures strange and rare,
And pearls and diamonds shining there."

"Yes, darling, many wonders hide,
Beneath old ocean's rolling tide,
But Nature's wonders deep and grand,
Around us lie on every hand."

"O, mamma! I would like to fly
Up to that rainbow in the sky;
To watch those golden clouds so bright,
And see the stars come out at night."

"My precious boy, you yet may soar
On angel wings, when life is o'er,
And with the pure, in worlds of light,
Explore those wonders with delight."

THE TWO KITTENS.

SPOT and Tab were two cunning little kittens. Maria, the kitchen-maid, found them out in the rain, one day. She brought them in, and fed them, and since then they have always lived in the kitchen. The girls are very kind to them, and they have merry romps together.

One day they were in the kitchen all alone, when a burning stick fell out of the fire upon a pile of wood near by. The pile was quickly in a blaze, and the whole house might soon have been on fire, but for those kittens. What do you think they did? They rushed up stairs in search of the girls, and when they found them, they pulled their dresses and scratched their hands, till they made them come down with them. The girls at once called the men, and the fire was soon put out; they petted and praised the kittens more than ever

THE TWO KITTENS.

THE OTTER'S STORY.

"I AM an otter, and I live on the banks of streams. See what a fine picture the man has made of me! That is just the way I look, when I am watching for fish.

"The door of my house is under water, and I have to dive down to get into it. That is so the big animals can't find it, and then we can look right out of the door, and see the fish go swimming past. We have a window at the top to let in the light and air.

"I can swim in the water like a duck, and my beautiful fur does not get wet at all.

"What do I eat? Why, fish, of course. They come darting along so swiftly without seeing me, but I soon pounce upon them and carry them into my house. We otters catch more fish than most fishermen, and we don't need any hook or line either. Then, too, we don't have to bother cooking

THE OTTER'S STORY.

our fish. They are ever so much better raw, if you are used to eating them that way.

"We otters are very social, that is, we are very fond of company, and a great many of us live together. We have a great deal of fun swimming around and playing.

"Sometimes we go 'coasting,' as you children call it. We choose a bank of snow or mud by the river-side, and then slide down head-foremost plump into the water. Each one has to take his turn, and oh, it is rare fun! the bank is so nice and slippery, and the water so fresh and cool. We can go 'coasting' in the summer time, too, as well as the winter, while you children can only go in the winter. Then, too, we don't have any sleds to pull up the hill again.

"Wouldn't you like to see us 'coasting?' Well, you might look and find the place, but don't bring with you any bad boys that throw stones."

ICE-MOUNTAINS.

"Uncle Will, don't you think it is fun to go coasting?"

"Indeed I do, Frank. I used to have a great deal of fun that way when I was a boy, and I sometimes do it yet. Did I ever tell you how I saw them coasting in St. Petersburg?"

"No, uncle; tell me now, please."

"There they make their own hills, or ice-mountains as they are called. They build a high scaffold of wood with steps up one side and a long slope down the other. On this they lay blocks of ice and then pour water over them. When that freezes, it makes a nice smooth hill, down which they slide.

"What fun that must be!"

"Yes, they do have merry times. Men and women, boys and girls, all sliding down hill together."

ROBERT AND MASTER JAMES.

"Good morning, Master James! A fine lad ye are! Is your father angry with me?"

"I think he is, Robert. I heard him say he would not have a man who would keep his horses and carriage out after midnight without his permission. And he thinks you did not come home sober, either."

"Well, ye see, Master James, the missus said I might have the horses and carriage a little while in the afternoon to take Ellen over to the fair; and Ellen was so pleased like, to have me go with her."

"But why did you not come back before evening?"

"Well, Master James, ye see, it was evening so quick that I did not know it was evening at all. And then I met Tim and his brother there, and, ye know, we had to take a drop of good cheer, for the sake of old times, and then—and—ye see, I—"

ROBERT AND MASTER JAMES.

"Yes, I see how it was, Robert—just as my father says—you take 'a little drop' and then you want a good many more drops."

"Oh! Master James, you are just like your father, and his advice is always so good. But could ye not speak a word with your father for me?"

"Why don't you go and speak with him yourself?"

"I am afraid he wouldn't listen to me; but how could he refuse a fine lad like yourself, and his own son, too. You could tell him that you saw me when I came home, and I was as sober as a judge, and that I stopped to get a shoe put on the horse, and so it made me late. Now, that's a good lad."

"No, Robert; I will try to get father to excuse you, but I can't tell him what is not true."

"Long life to ye, Master James; long life to ye!"

THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN GOAT.

"PAPA, what do goats have such big horns for? To butt little boys?"

"Yes; to defend themselves with. But there is a goat who uses his horns for another purpose. His home is in the Rocky mountains. He wanders up and down their rough sides in search of food, and when he comes to a steep side hill or rock which he can't climb down, he gives a jump, turns over on his way down, and lights on his horns."

"On his horns! I should think that would break them all to pieces."

"Oh, no; they are very large and strong, and can stand the fall better than he can. Hunters say they have seen them leap fifty feet in this way without hurting themselves at all."

"Why, how funny? I wish I could see them do it."

BUNNY AND REYNARD.

THERE was a small rabbit named Bunny,
Who lived,—now wasn't it funny!
In a hole in the ground,
But she always was found
To come out on days warm and sunny.

And there was a big fox called Reynard,
Who thought it his duty to stay guard
At this hole in the ground,
Where Bunny was found.
Even so did this fox called Reynard.

So then Reynard crouched over her house
And kept just as still as a mouse.
"If she'll only come out,
Then I'll put her to rout,"
Said Reynard, crouched over her house.

BUNNY AND REYNARD.

She crept out till his tail she spied,
And then darted back inside.
While Reynard still waited,
For to give up he hated,
Though his patience so sorely it tried.

He waited all day and he waited all night,
He waited in darkness and waited in light.
"What is she about?
Why don't she come out?
If as hungry as I, she'd long for a bite."

But, two doors had that hole in the ground,
And Bunny was not again found
To come out at that one
Which Reynard had known,
And which still he waits sadly round.

A TALK BY MOONLIGHT.

"Look, mamma! The moon is in a hurry to-night. What makes it go so much faster?"

"It seems to go faster, my dear, but it does not. It is the clouds that go faster."

"Mamma, don't the clouds sometimes hit the moon? Freddy says he thinks that is why the moon often looks so thin."

"Oh, no! The moon is away beyond the clouds; and, besides that, the clouds are light vapor, like steam, and would do the moon no harm if they did hit it."

"Are the clouds light, mamma? Then I wonder what holds the thunder up. I know that is heavy, because it jars the sky when it rolls along."

"No, dear. Thunder and lightning are made by electricity, which is very light."

"Oh! I thought lightning was the cracks in the sky."

THE BIRD'S STORY.

Don't you think I am a handsome bird? My feathers are dark green and black, and very glossy. I live in a hot country, where beautiful flowers and nice fruits grow. There are great tall trees, and the vines stretching from one to the other make nice swings for the monkeys and parrots. They have merry times chasing each other around. The monkeys can climb very fast, but as the parrots have wings, they generally get the best of it.

Our home is on some islands in the sea, very far away from where you live. If your papa would take you there, you would see many pretty sights. There are our beautiful islands, with the waves dashing high into the air against the rocks on the coast; and on the islands you would see bright flowers, and tall trees with cocoanuts growing on them, and bananas, too.

THE BIRD'S STORY.

FANNY IN THE COUNTRY.

Pretty Miss Fanny has come out into the country to make a visit to her aunt and cousins. She has always lived in the city; but last winter she was sick, and the doctor said she must go into the country, where she could take long walks through the fields and have plenty of fresh air.

She enjoys it very much. There are so many pretty flowers growing wild, and the birds,—how sweetly they sing! Her cousin has a great number of cows, and Fanny likes to watch them being milked, and then to see her aunt make butter and cheese.

She is out late this afternoon, and her cousin begins to fear she is lost; so he is going to look for her. But she isn't very far away. He will soon see her.

I wonder if she knows that he is looking for her.

FANNY IN THE COUNTRY.

THE BEAR FAMILY.

"Look here, Harry and Johnny, see this family of bears! The little ones are having a frolic, and the mother seems to enjoy watching the sport. The father is looking around to see if there are any hunters coming. Those little bears remind me of my little boys."

"O mamma! How funny! Does that big bear remind you of papa?"

"Oh, dear, no! But the little bears are so playful. They love to roll and tumble on the ground just like little boys."

"They call the little bears 'cubs,' don't they, mamma?"

"Yes, Harry."

"Why don't dey tall 'em baby-bears, Harry?"

"Why, you see, Johnny, they want a short chunky name just like the little bears. What do bears live on, mamma?"

THE BEAR FAMILY.

"Oh! they eat many different kinds of food. If they can't get a sheep or a lamb, they will take a pig, or if they can't get either of these, they will live on nuts, or fruits, or even roots. Bears are very fond of honey, and that also reminds me of my little boys."

"But, I guess they don't get much honey to eat, do they, mamma?"

"Oh, yes; there are wild bees in the woods, which store their honey in hollow trees, and between the rocks."

"But will not the bees sting the bears when they take their honey?"

"Yes, they try to; but the bears have such long fur, that they can't get at them very easily. But sometimes they get into their ears or their eyes, and then the bears have to pay for their mischief, just as little boys often do."

"Well, I did'nt think we were so much like bears, did you, Johnny?"

"No, Harry, I did not."

WHAT THE TREES SAID.

MATTIE was out in the woods one day. She grew tired and lay down in the shade to rest. By and by she heard the trees talking together over her head.

"What a pretty child," said the maple. "She looks like a good little girl, too, and I hope she will get nicely rested."

"Ah?" sighed the pine, "she won't be always a happy child. Troubles will come and make her into a care-worn woman."

"She may be a happy woman, even if the troubles do come," said the oak. "Sorrow and trial may only make her stronger."

The silvery beech rustled its shining leaves and exclaimed: "Well, let her be happy now. She is only a child and ought to be merry and glad."

After a while the trees stopped talking, and Mattie couldn't tell whether she had been asleep or not.

BOZ.

I AM Boz, and I send you this picture, that you may know what I look like. My master thinks very much of me, and so he had my picture taken. When I was young I used to like to tear up books. I once devoured a spelling-book, and a hymn-book, but I don't do so any more, for I am through with my studies.

I take care of the house at night. One night, a thief came in, but I began to bark so, that he was afraid, and went softly out again.

My master's children like to play with me. They pull my tail and ears, and sometimes ride on my back, but they don't mean to hurt me, and so I don't mind it.

There is another dog that lives across the street, but he is sometimes cross, and I never am. My master says I am a very fine dog. Don't you think so, too?

BOZ.

SUSY'S SHOP.

"Now, I am ready! This is my shop. Who'll buy? Kittens, don't pull off the cloth! Now, children, what will you have? Here are cherries and crullers and pop-corn. Nelly, you may laugh; but I know that a shop-lady ought to wear a cap. Grandma says so, and she knows, and she lent me this cap herself. Now, play you are Mrs. Dormer, and have come to market to buy your dinner.

"Good morning, Mrs. Dormer; are your children all well? I see you have brought one with you. What can I sell you to-day? Peaches? Oh, I am sorry to say my peaches are all gone; but here are cherries and buns, two for five cents.

"Too much? Why you always have to pay as much as that for nice buns with real currants in them. Ask mamma if you don't."

SUSY'S SHOP.

PATIENT GERTIE.

This girl's name is Gertie. She lives away across the water in sight of those grand old mountains called the Alps.

"Mamma, what makes her look so sad?"

"I will tell you. Gertie has been sick a good deal of late, and has fallen behind her class at school, and now she is trying by patient study to make it up."

"Is that her mamma who is reading with her?"

"No; that is her older sister. Her mamma died when she was a little child."

"Poor Gertie! Maybe that is what makes her face look so sad."

"Perhaps it is, my child; but her sister is very kind to her. See, she is helping her to finish her grammar lesson, before it is quite time to start for school."

"I think Gertie will make a nice and good woman, because she is so patient."

PATIENT GERTIE.

JAMIE AND JESSIE.

HERE are two Scotch children. Their names are Jamie and Jessie, and they live in two houses, side by side. Every morning, Jamie goes away over the hills to school, while Jessie plays around home, and says her lessons to her mother. When afternoon comes, she runs off to meet Jamie, and walks home with him. Jamie likes to have her meet him.

Why don't they wear shoes and stockings? Oh! the children often go barefoot in that country, and they are so used to it, they don't think anything of it.

Jessie started away in such a hurry this afternoon, that she forgot her hat; so Jamie is holding a big leaf over her head, to keep the sun out of her eyes. She should not run out without her hat.

I think she likes to have Jamie walk with her, don't you?

JAMIE AND JESSIE.

THE SHIPYARD.

"PAPA, please tell me about this picture?"

"Yes, Benny; bring it here."

"Why do the ships lie over on their sides, and why are there so many logs around?"

"That is a shipyard, Benny; a place where ships are built, and where they go back to be mended when they get broken. You remember Captain Brown, who was here last winter; he lives on a ship; one that goes way across the water to the countries where it is summer all the time and where such nice fruits grow. He takes his ship full of flour and meal and corn, and when he gets there he sells these and buys fruit and coffee to bring back with him. Some day, when his ship comes in, I will take you on board, and then you will see them taking out whole cart-loads of lemons

THE SHIPYARD.

and oranges, and bananas, and great bags full of coffee."

"Does his ship have to go to that place to be mended, too, papa?

"Yes; there are often heavy storms out at sea, when the waves are so big they look almost like mountains. They dash the ship around and sometimes break it. Then the captain has to take it to a shipyard to be mended."

"I should think he would be afraid to go out so far across the water if the storms break his boat."

"But the ships are built very strong, my boy, so they only once in a while get broken."

"Well, if I was sure the ship was strong and safe, I would like to go to those countries where Captain Brown goes. Did you say that oranges and bananas grew there, papa?"

"Yes, Benny, and they don't have any winter there; but it is summer all the time."

THE ICEBERG.

"PAPA, what is an iceberg?"

"It is an immense mass of ice."

"Like those we saw floating down the river the other day?"

"Yes, Frank, only they were mere specks in comparison. Icebergs are sometimes so large and high that big ships with their tall masts look like little chips beside them. Sometimes they are very beautiful, with their brilliant peaks glistening in the sun."

"Oh! how I should like to see them! It must be fun to sail among them."

"Ah, but it's very dangerous. An iceberg is as bad as an island of rock for a ship to run upon."

"Then I should think icebergs were worse than islands of rock, because the islands will keep still, if the ships only keep out of their way."

THE FOXES.

"WHAT pretty little animals, mamma."

"Yes, dear; but they don't act as pretty as they look. They are very sly and cunning, and run away with the farmer's chickens and turkeys."

"What do they want of them, mamma?"

"Oh, they like them to eat. They prowl around the farm-house at night when the farmer is fast asleep, and when he wakes the next morning, some of his chickens, or ducks, or geese are gone."

"And yet they look so very gentle and pretty."

"Yes, my dear; but, 'handsome is what handsome does,' you know. Then, if you look a little further, you will see the sly, cunning look in their eyes, and notice how sharp their noses are."

"Yes, I see their noses are very sharp. What is that for?"

THE FOXES.

"That shows that their sense of smell is very keen. When they put their noses down to the ground they can smell the tracks of any animal that may have been over it before."

"Do they hurt people, mamma?"

"Not very often, dear. They will run away, if they can, but if they do bite, it is very severe and dangerous."

"And aren't they good for anything?"

"Well, as you say, they are very handsome, and their fur is sometimes used for ladies' muffs and trimmings."

"They have pretty tails; don't you think so, mamma?"

"Yes, dear; and in England, where they have great parties to hunt the fox, after they have killed him, they cut off the tail, and if any lady is present they give it to her. They call it the 'brush.'"

"Then what does she do with it?"

"She usually has it mounted and hung up against the wall."

THE COW TREE.

"Uncle Will, tell me something more about the things you have seen in other countries."

"Well, Frank, shall I tell you about some strange trees I have seen?"

"Oh, yes, uncle!"

"There is the cow tree. Have you ever heard of that?"

"No, uncle. What a funny name for a tree."

"It is a good name, for if you pierce the stem of the leaf a white liquid like milk will run out. The people drink it and think it is very good."

"Did you like it?"

"Yes. It tastes very much like our milk, only it is rather thicker."

"How nice it would be to have a cow tree, for one would'nt have to feed the tree, and then it wouldn't kick, either."

THE FOX AND THE DUCK.

"O, MAMMA, see this fox! Is that a duck he has in his mouth? Why, he will kill it!"

"Yes, Minnie, that is just what he intends to do—kill it and eat it."

"But the poor duck, mamma!"

"Well, Minnie, is it any worse for a fox to kill a duck when he is hungry, than for us to have chickens and ducks, too, for our dinner?"

"I never thought about that, mamma. Do we eat ducks? Oh, I never will any more!"

"It is not wrong, dear. Each animal must have something to eat, and the same Father who made the ducks, made the fox which eats them."

"And does anything eat the fox?"

"Yes; the bears and wolves would like nothing better than a fox to eat, if they could get him."

THE FOX AND THE DUCK.

IN THE CHURCHYARD.

HERE are Mamie and her grandfather in the churchyard. Mamie's grandfather is sexton of the old church on the hill. Those are the keys of it he has in his hand.

Mamie runs around through the grass and flowers, and thinks it is a fine playground. See, she has picked some flowers.—"Pooty fowers," she says, "hold up 'oo heads. So,—that's the way."

While she chatters, her grandfather is leaning against the old church, and looking across over the valley. Perhaps he is thinking of the many friends who once lived down there in those houses, but are now sleeping up here on the hill. His thoughts are not sad ones, for he knows, that before very long, he will see his friends again. He is quite an old man, and soon his turn may come to be laid in this very churchyard, which he has tended so long.

IN THE CHURCHYARD.

THE CONCERT.

Come here, my dears! Sit down by the piano, and we will have some music; a real concert, just like the grown folks do. I will begin and play on the piano, and then Lady Clara will sing us that song about "Dog Tray." Now, Lady Clara, begin! Oh! you must sing louder, my dear, if you want all the people to hear you. One, two, three, sing!

"Old Dog Tray, ever faithful,
Grief cannot drive him away,
For he's gentle and he's kind,
You'll never, never find,
A better friend than old Dog Tray."

That was very nicely done, and I hope you will always remember and be kind to your own dog, Jack, for he is just like Dog Tray, "ever faithful." "Faithful," you know, my dears, means good and kind, just as dogs (and little girls) should always be.

THE CONCERT.

Matilda, do you remember the song Bessie Raymond taught you about the moon? You have forgotten, and can't sing without your music! That is a pity, and Seraphina has such a cold she cannot sing at all. Well, we will play this is the middle of the concert, and stop a few minutes to rest like the grown folks do.

Now, we will commence again. I will play some more on the piano, and then Dolly Varden can sing "Little Drops of Water." Dolly, come here! Now begin!

"Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,"——

What makes you stop? You have forgotten the rest? Then take the book right away and learn it. Now, Nelly—oh, dear! we shall have to stop. Nellie is asleep, and Minnie has gone to play with the kitten. But, then, Minnie is only a rag doll, and hasn't any ears, so, of course, she doesn't care for music.

THE BREAD TREE.

"TELL me another story about the strange trees, uncle."

"Well, there is the bread-fruit tree."

"Is it like real bread?"

"Yes; it has a round fruit something like a melon, and when it is baked it tastes very much like bread."

"I shouldn't think the people ought to starve in those countries, with the bread fruit to give them bread and the cow tree to give them milk. They wouldn't need to work very hard, either!"

"No; they don't have to work hard; it is too hot for that. Then there are a great many other useful trees, as the banana and cocoanut trees, the date tree and others."

"I think I would like to live there, uncle. Why, I never need work at all."

"Ah, Frank, such men are not much use in the world."

A BASKET OF CHILDREN.

"How many are there, Charley? One, two, three, four, five, besides the dolly. What a basketful!"

"Yes, Susy; I guess it was more than full, for it looks as if one had spilled out."

"I wonder how they came in there. Perhaps they climbed in and can't get out."

"Oh! I'll tell you, Susy. Maybe they have been out playing and got all covered with dirt, and their mamma has put them in there until she can get time to wash them. That one little girl looks tired and hungry and cross. And the other little one doesn't look very happy. See how she treats her dolly. I think the boys look better humored than the girls, don't you?"

"Well, they ought to be; they are bigger than the girls."

"That is true, Susy dear, and I'm bigger than you, so I'll not tease you."

A BASKETFUL OF CHILDREN.

THE SQUIRRELS.

"CHUCK-I-TY, chuck-chuck!" said Frisk to his mate, one mild winter day, as they came out of their door in a big hollow tree.

"Chuck-i-ty, chuck-chuck! let us take our lunch outside to-day. To be sure the ground is white with snow, but how bright the sun shines."

"That's all very true," replied Mrs. Frisk, "but it will freeze again in a day or two."

"Never mind that, my dear," said Mr. Frisk; "let us enjoy the bright sun while it does shine."

"Yes, that's all very well; but I am afraid we shall starve before spring. Our chestnuts are all gone."

"Well," replied Frisk, "there is that big lot of hickory nuts, and under them several layers of walnuts, and that pile of acorns in the other corner. Starve! No! We shall have food enough till Fourth of July."

THE SQUIRRELS.

THE CAMEL.

"MAMMA, see this ugly-looking animal. What is its name?"

"It is not an ugly animal, dear, though it certainly is not handsome. That is a camel, or, as some people call him, a dromedary, and he is always kind and patient, though he has to carry heavy loads a long way over the hot sand."

"But see what big feet, mamma, and broad knees, too, and what a queer-looking head!"

"Yes, they are big feet; that is for walking in the sand, and his broad knees are to help him kneel. You see, he is so tall, that when his master wants to put the load on his back, he has to bend his knees and kneel down, or his master couldn't reach him. Then what do you think he eats?"

"Why, grass, I suppose, and hay."

"No; the things he likes best are the

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THE CAMEL.

stinging nettles and thistles, and other prickly plants."

"Why, how queer! I shouldn't think he would eat many of those. It can't cost much to feed a camel."

"No, dear; he is content with the coarsest food, is very patient of hunger and thirst, and is always gentle and kind."

"Is that a monkey upon this one's back, mamma?"

"Yes, it looks like one. The man seems to be a kind of traveling showman, using the camel to carry his things from place to place. In those countries there is very little rain; the people often traveling for days without passing a spring or well, so here the camel is very useful, for he can go seven or eight days without taking a drink."

"I guess he takes a good big one when he does reach the water; don't you think so, mamma?"

"Yes, dear, I guess he does. Enough to last him another seven or eight days."

A FLOATING HOUSE.

"How I should like to live all the time on a boat, as those men do, wouldn't you, papa?" said Johnny, as they stood watching a canal-boat pass along, pulled by two horses.

"No, I don't think I should, Johnny."

"Why, papa, you could go anywhere you wanted to then!"

"Yes, Johnny; but their house is rather crowded, and they can't have a nice garden and trees around it as we do. Did you ever hear of a bird whose house floated around on the water?"

"No, papa; tell me about it, please."

"This bird builds her nest in the water, and it floats along among the reeds and bushes; but if any stranger comes near, she puts her foot into the water and paddles her house away out of the reach of danger."

NAUGHTY JOHNNY.

"JOHNNY would climb trees. His mamma had often told him not to do it. Last night he climbed a rough tree, full of knots, and in getting down he tore his clothes."

"His little sister doesn't look very angry about it, does she, mamma?"

"No, Kitty. I suspect she rather likes to have Johnny climb after cherries, and apples, and nuts."

"But his mamma looks displeased. Is she going to punish him?"

"Yes, Kitty; she is going to make him stay in the house all day long, and not go out to play at all."

"It serves him just right. I guess he thinks so, too. See how he hangs his head."

"Yes; Johnny says he supposes it is right; but he can't see why it is that the nicest cherries always grow at the top of the tree, if it's wrong to climb for them."

NAUGHTY JOHNNY.

BRAVE LITTLE HARRY.

HARRY wasn't afraid of geese. Oh, no! He told his little sister he was not afraid of a thousand geese. That was in the parlor, when the geese were a good way off. But when they came at him with their mouths open, and their snake-like necks stretched out towards him, he ran away and left his little sister all alone with them.

"What a brave boy! You wouldn't do so, brother Ben, would you? But what makes the geese act so mean to the girl? The poor little thing is frightened almost out of her wits."

"Well, you see, the children picked up one of those little, soft, yellow goslings, and that excited the geese very much."

"But the children wouldn't hurt the goslings, would they?"

"No; they only wished to feel their soft down. But, then, geese don't know much."

BRAVE LITTLE HARRY.

TROUBLE AMONG THE DUCKS.

"Oh! oh! There's trouble in the camp! See, Uncle Ben! There is a flock of ducks, and that animal has caught one of them."

"The animal is a fox, Fred. He has been hiding among those reeds for a long time, keeping just as still as a mouse, watching the ducks with wistful eyes as they were swimming about on the lake, until they came close enough to the shore, and then he sprang out and seized one of them."

"The sly, old fellow. What is he going to do with it, uncle?"

"He is going to take it home for his dinner. Foxes are very fond of ducks."

"Yes, I should think they were. But I guess the ducks are not very fond of foxes; are they, uncle?"

"I should think not. These ducks certainly seem to think that his room would be better than his company."

TROUBLE AMONG THE DUCKS.

"But why don't the ducks stay at home and keep out of the way of the foxes?"

"This is their home, Fred. They live about ponds and lakes like this. They are wild ducks."

"Oh! are they? There are nine of them, all scampering off just as fast as they can. I think it is real mean in them to leave that poor duck to take care of himself. Why don't they all pounce on the old fox and make him let go?"

"Ah, the fox would like nothing better than that. What could they do, with no weapons but their wings? With his long, sharp teeth, he would soon dispatch the whole flock."

"Would he? What an old scamp! Well, I don't care; if I were a duck I would give him a good tussle, anyhow."

"Ah! that is where the ducks are wiser than my little Fred. It is not wise to run into danger without, at least, a possibility of success.

THE PIGEONS OF VENICE.

"PAPA, please tell me a story about birds?"

"Well, Bennie, in the city of Venice, in Italy, there is a large church called St. Mark's. At two o'clock, each day, the bells ring, and the moment they sound, hundreds of pigeons come from all directions, and dart into St. Mark's square."

"What do they come for, papa?"

"Because the people pet them, and feed them there every day, just at that hour."

"Is Venice a big city, papa?"

"Yes, and a very old one. Its streets are of water instead of pavement. They call them canals."

"Then they don't have to sprinkle them in summer, do they? But where do they drive their horses?"

"They don't have any horses in Venice. They use boats instead of wagons."

FEEDING THE BIRDS.

"Good morning, pretty pigeons, and little birdies. Are you hungry this morning?"

"Coo coo, thank you, little Alice; indeed we are hungry."

"Pretty snow birds, how did you sleep last night? Are the trees very cold?"

"Chirp, chirp; yes, you would think it cold, but our feathers are so thick, they keep us nice and warm."

"I should think you wouldn't stay here when the snow comes."

"Oh, we like the snow, little Alice; that is why we are called snow birds. We never go to warm lands, but, when the spring comes here, we fly away still further north, so that we live in the snowy country all the time."

"Why, how queer that is! I hope there are little girls up there, then, to give you crumbs every morning."

FEEDING THE BIRDS.

THE STARTLED FAMILY.

"Gus," said Emma to her brother, "I wish you would come and tell me about this picture."

"Oh, that is a woman taking care of her children. She is suddenly startled by something she hears at the door."

"Yes; and the children seem startled, too; see how close they keep to their mamma. Maybe it's their papa coming home."

"Why, you foolish little thing! They wouldn't be frightened at their papa, would they? We are always glad when our papa comes home."

"Yes; but perhaps he is like Kitty Brown's papa. He comes home tipsy, and makes his children afraid of him."

"Mamma, will you please tell us about this picture? What makes them look so frightened?"

THE STARTLED FAMILY.

"Well, I will tell you. This woman and her three children are all alone in their house, and they hear a loud knock at the door. They think the soldiers have come to look for conscripts."

"What is a conscript, mamma?"

"It is one who is compelled to be a soldier against his will."

"Do they intend to compel those children's papa to be a soldier?"

"Yes; but he heard that they were coming that way, and so he went away from home for a few days."

"Oh! I m glad of that! Are you not, Gus?"

"Yes; but just as likely as not they will catch him when he does come back."

"But, mamma, what will his wife and children do if they take the man off to be a soldier?"

"Oh, they will have to get along the best way they can. I suppose he would send some of his pay-money home to them."

"WHY, MAMMA, WHY?"

"Mamma, why don't the kitties open their eyes,
And not grope around with such pitiful cries?"
"Because, my child, they would wander and roam;
They are safer now, with their mamma at home."

"Mamma, why don't the birdies have feathers and wings?"
"Because little birdies are such silly things,
They would climb from their nests, so soft and so warm,
And surely would fall into mischief and harm."

"Mamma, why can't the baby just scamper and run,
And frolic with me? We would have so much fun."
"Because he's not ready the dangers to meet
Which lie in the path of his dear little feet.

"So, He who has made all these wonderful things,
Will give to the birdies their feathery wings,
And to baby his strength, and the kitties their sight,
Just as soon as He knows they can use them aright."

THE DONKEY.

"MAMMA, look where this donkey is. Suppose he should fall!"

"But donkeys don't fall, dear. They are very sure-footed. In climbing mountains they are used instead of horses for that very reason. The donkey is a patient animal, and eats thistles and such prickly plants; so some people compare him to a wise man, who takes the hard things in life patiently."

"I don't think it is so very wise to eat thistles, when you can get nicer things if you want them. I wonder what this one is doing up there?"

"Enjoying the view, perhaps. He must be able to see a long distance."

"Perhaps he has come to see his friends, the birds."

"Yes, or he may like to hear the sound of the waves breaking on the rocks beneath.

THE DONKEY.

Donkeys are said to have quite an ear for music."

"And great, big ears, too! But I don't think his, is a very sweet voice, do you, mamma?"

"No, there is not much music in his tones, and people generally are not fond of listening to him; but he likes music very much himself. I heard of one once who used to stand under the window whenever his mistress played on the piano, or sang; and one day he must have been very much pleased, for he even walked into the room, wagging his tail and braying with all his might."

"Why, how funny! I guess he wanted to sing a solo, or, perhaps, it was an encore, as the people do at concerts, to make her sing again. Was'nt she frightened?"

"Yes, she was rather startled to hear his great, hoarse voice breaking in, and to see a donkey in the parlor, but she lost no time in getting him out again."

THE SPARROW AND OWL.

"CHIRP-I-TY, chirp," said a sparrow to his mate, as they flew into a thick spruce tree one summer day. "What a nice shade this is."

"I wish you would stop your noise and let me have my nap out," said a hoarse voice above him.

"Oh, Mr. Owl! Is that you? How can you be dozing this bright day?"

"I was busy all night when you were asleep. I get my living in the night."

"Yes, Mr. Owl, I know all about it. You devour little birds, and they do say that you carry off young chickens. Why don't you eat seeds and crumbs like us?"

"Well, if I do carry off a young chicken now and then, I destroy a great many mice. Why don't you do some good by picking up worms and bugs as the robins do, instead of waiting for crumbs."

IDLE MAGGIE.

"MAMMA, I don't want to learn this lesson now; I don't feel like working to-day," and Maggie threw down the book and ran out into the garden.

A bee buzzed by her on his way to the hive, and said: "Why aren't you at work like the rest of us?" Then she saw a little ant tugging away at a big grain of sand. He was too busy to notice her, so she passed on to a beautiful white lily. "Surely YOU do not work," she said. "Indeed we do," answered the lily. "We spread ourselves out to the light and air, and grow with all our might."

Over in the orchard she heard the robins singing, and knew they were busy too with their nest of young ones, so Maggie went in and took up her book again, ashamed that she should be the only idle thing this bright morning.

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